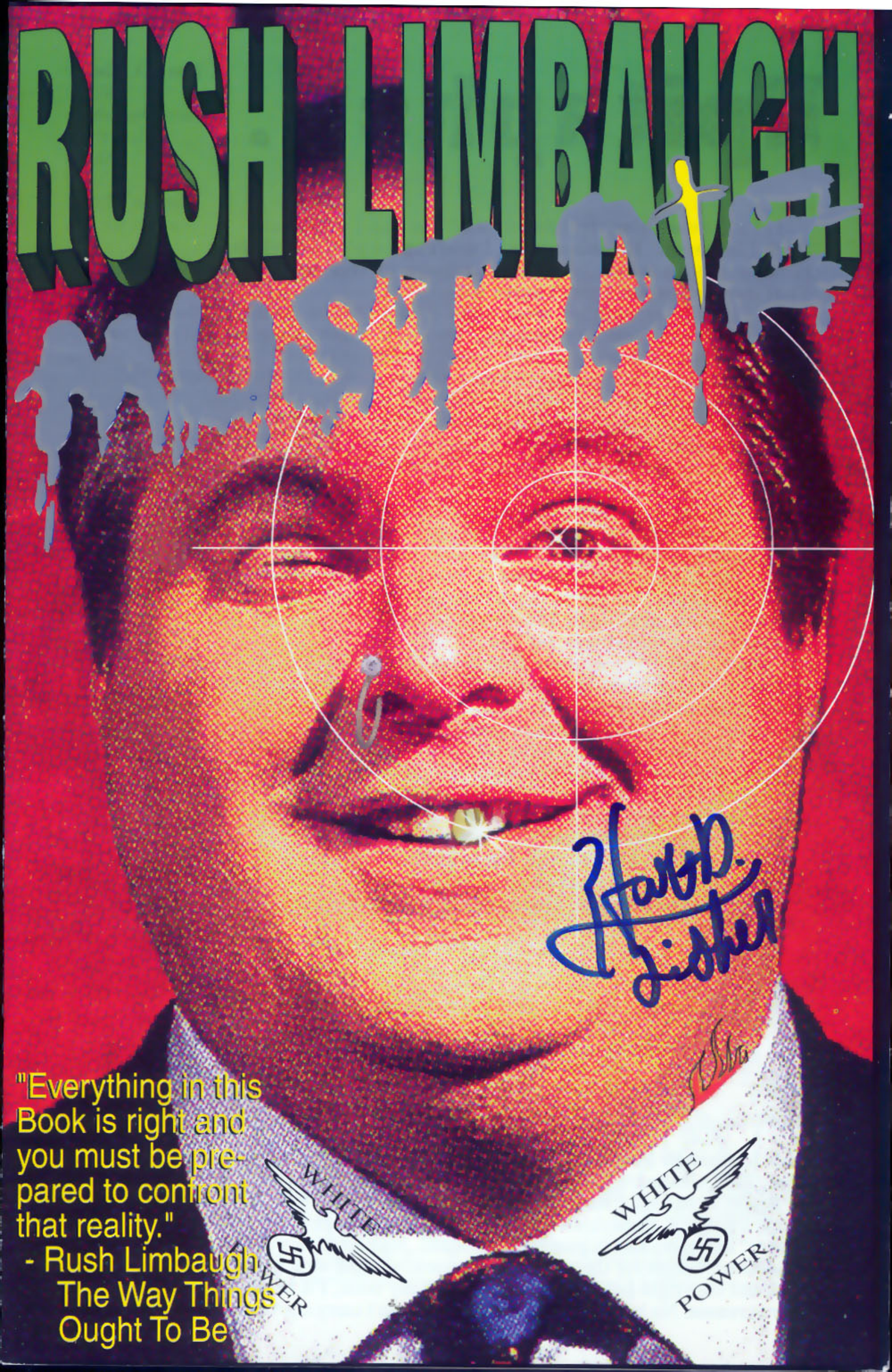
RUSH LIMBAUGH MUST DIE



"Everything in this Book is right and you must be prepared to confront that reality."
- Rush Limbaugh
The Way Things Ought To Be

Epitaphs...

Hart D. Fisher
Words
Nelson Danielson
Art/Lettering
Dean
Cover
Damon Threet
man on the run

Let's get one thing straight, right off the bat, I don't hate Rush Limbaugh. He amuses me. I don't agree with everything he says but so what. I actually believe in free speech, for everyone. That includes people I don't agree with.

The guy is nothing more than a spit shined Andrew Dice Clay. His audience is the unthinking, kneejerk right wing looking upon their messiah with glazed over eyes. I was sitting in a restaurant in Detroit waiting for a pizza with one of my artists, Dimitrious. This old man tapped me on my shoulder and told me he liked my shirt. I was wearing the Rush Limbaugh Must Die t-shirt. When he got up to leave I stopped him and told him I made the shirts and he could buy one from me if he wanted to. He said "Oh no, it just let's me know who the enemy is."

What the fuck does that mean? Anyone with a different sense of humor or political stand point is this guy's mortal enemy? Hey fuck you pal. This is America, right? The land of the free and the home of the brave, right? For everyone one of you happy readers out there wanting to silence Rush I've got a big howdy ho fuck you for you too. I think Howard Stern and Rush Limbaugh should be broadcast back to back.

That's some free speech for you.

Rush, babe, I read your first book and I'm still a free thinker. I'm neither a Republican or a Democrat. I'm pro choice, pro death penalty, never done drugs in my life, could give two shits what your sexuality or skin color is, I don't believe in god or the devil, I like to think for myself and not let others try to do it for me.

Janet Reno can kiss my ass about the violence on tv.

Riddle me this Batman- The japanese have the most violent tv in the world, yet they have some of the lowest street crime.

Where's your connection?

Wait a minute, have to wipe the froth from my mouth.

This stuff get's me worked up. Censorship.

Okay. I'm better now. Hope you kid's cough up a lung.

Live free.

Hart D. Fisher
Renegade Publisher

Adam Fisher
Nick Wiggins
original idea men

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GUTTERAMMA BAY NAVAL BASE, THE PHILLIPINNES.
0600 HOURS
SEPTEMBER 28th 1993

LUV BIFF
VERY FUNNY BITCH.!
I THINK ITS THE TOP DOG

LT.COL. WILLAIM GEIN, SIR.
OH BILLY.. YOUR SO ..RIGID.

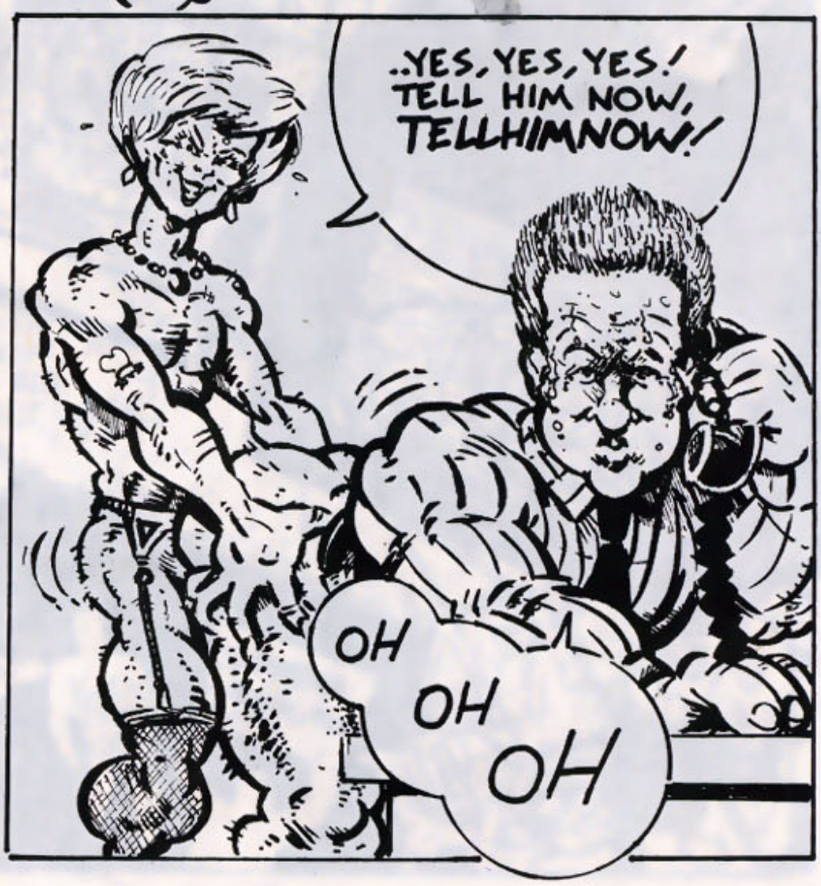
I HAVE A BLACK OP THAT SUPERCEDES ALL PREVIOUS COMMANDS.
OP ORDERS HAVE BEEN CUT AND ARE ON THEIR WAY VIA SCRAMBLED FAX.
..OW
TELL ME ABOUT THE MEN. ARE THEY READY FOR ACTION?

AT EASE SOLDIER.
ETHEL! NOT NOW!
WHAT WAS THAT? THE MEN SIR ???

"THE MEN ARE KILLING MACHINES IN HIGH HEELS, READY TO EAT DYNAMITE AND SHIT NITRO. THEY'RE LIFE TAKERS AND BALL BUSTERS."

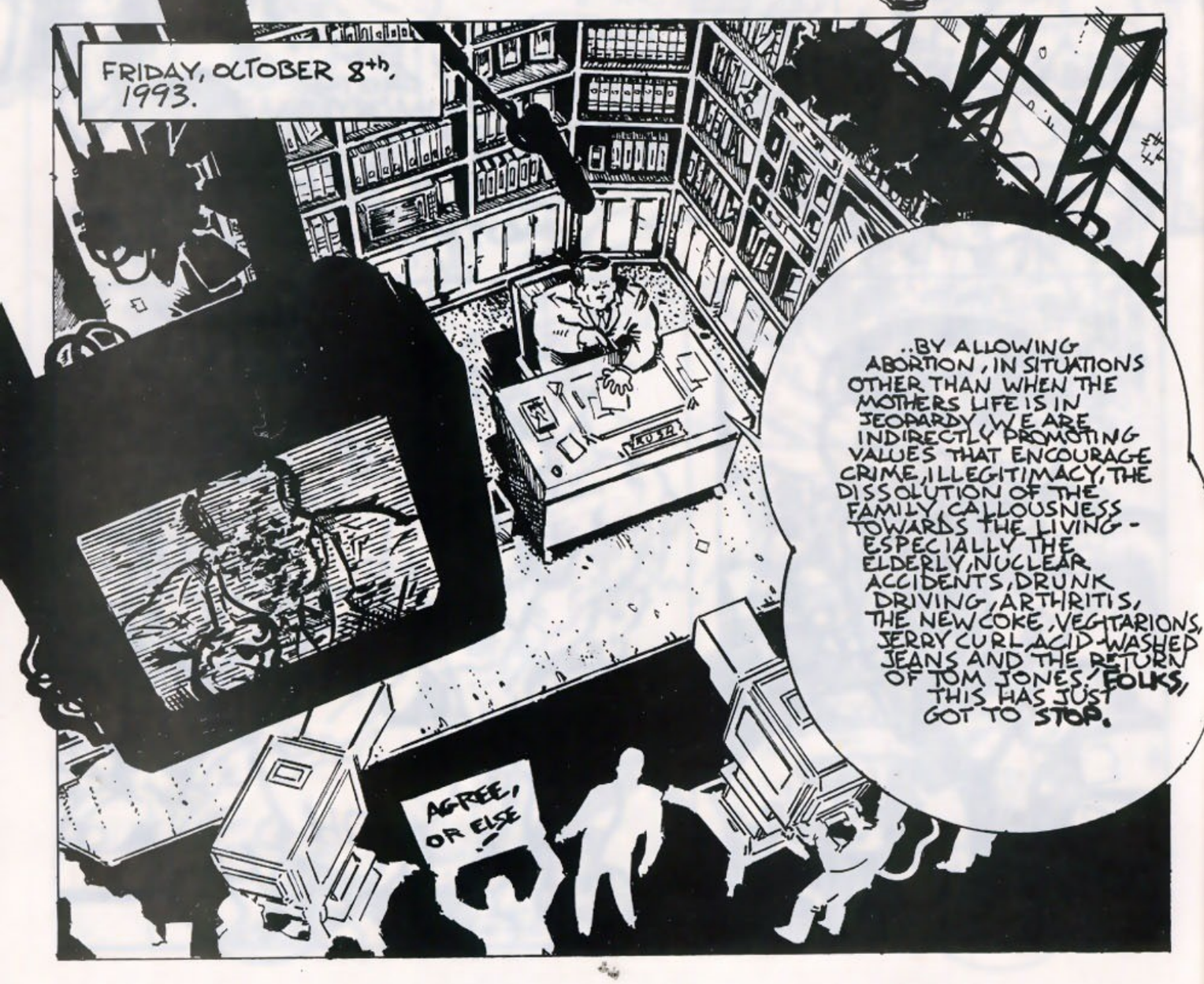
"MY BOYS ARE POLE SMOKERS AND THROAT CHOKERS. THEY'RE BUTT BLASTERS AND BREEDER BASHERS. THEY CAN'T DIE 'CAUSE HEAVEN WON'T HAVE 'EM AND SATAN'S A PUSSY!"

"THEY'RE NAIL CHEWING, SPEW GURGLIN' LEG SHAVIN' SPLIT CROTCH PANTY WEAR IN' NYLON SUPPORT HOSE BUYIN' SILENT BUT DEADLY FARTIN' BUSH WACKIN', HEAD BUSTIN' ENEMA GIVIN', STOOL PUSHIN' SPIT SHINED MOTHER FUCKERS!"

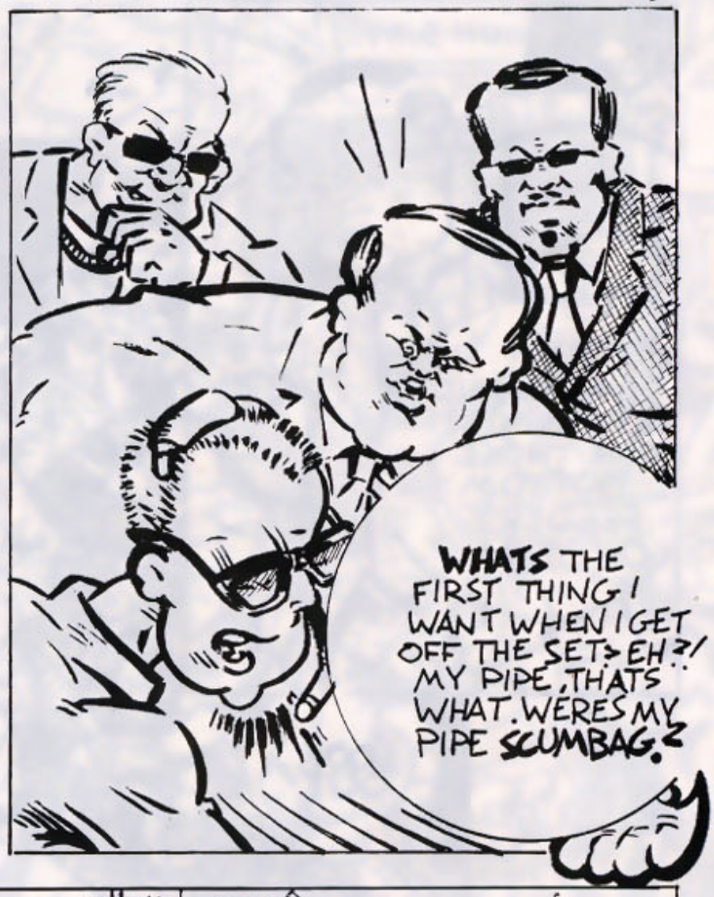


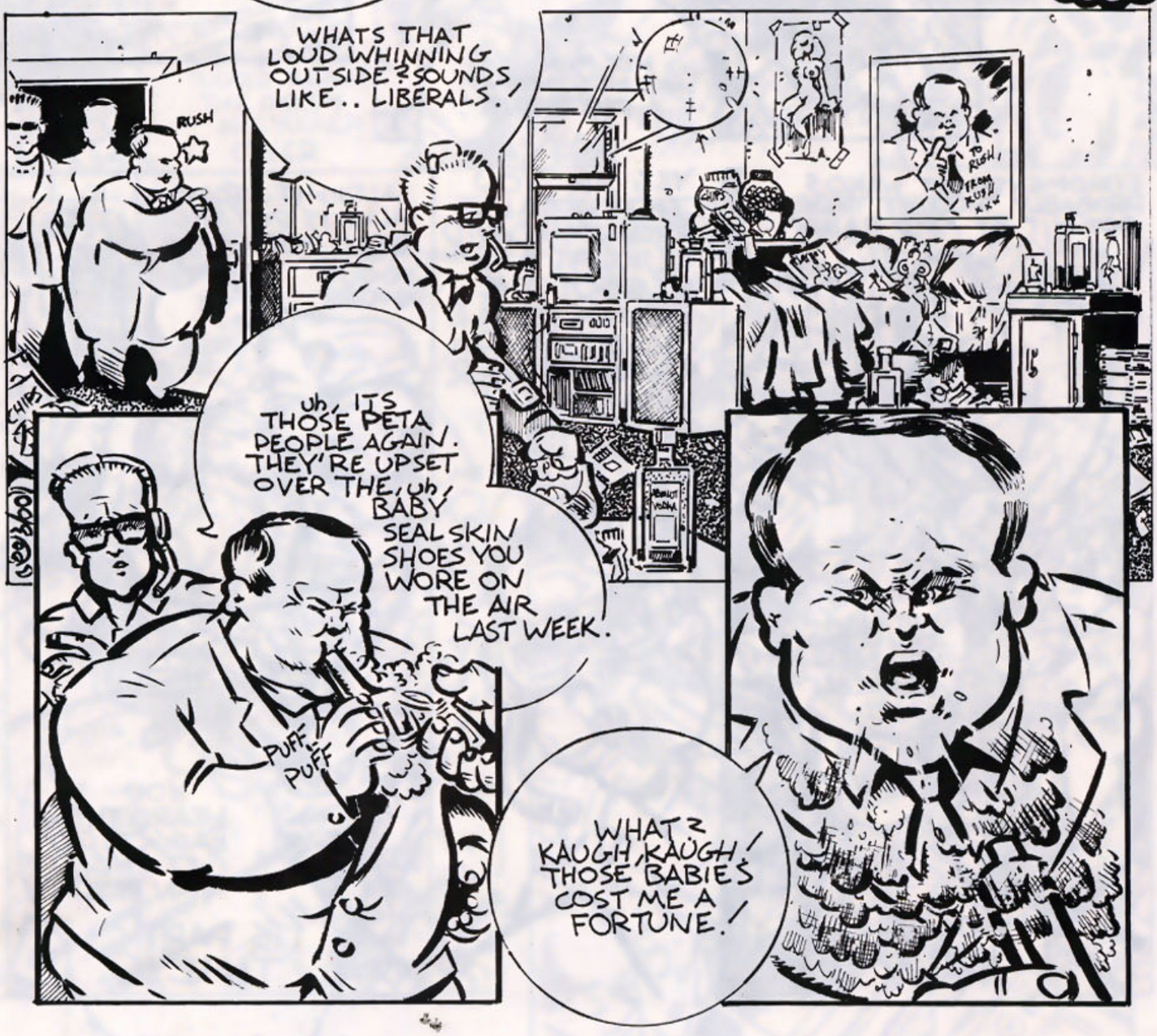
YES!

RUSH LIMBAUGH MUST DIE!!

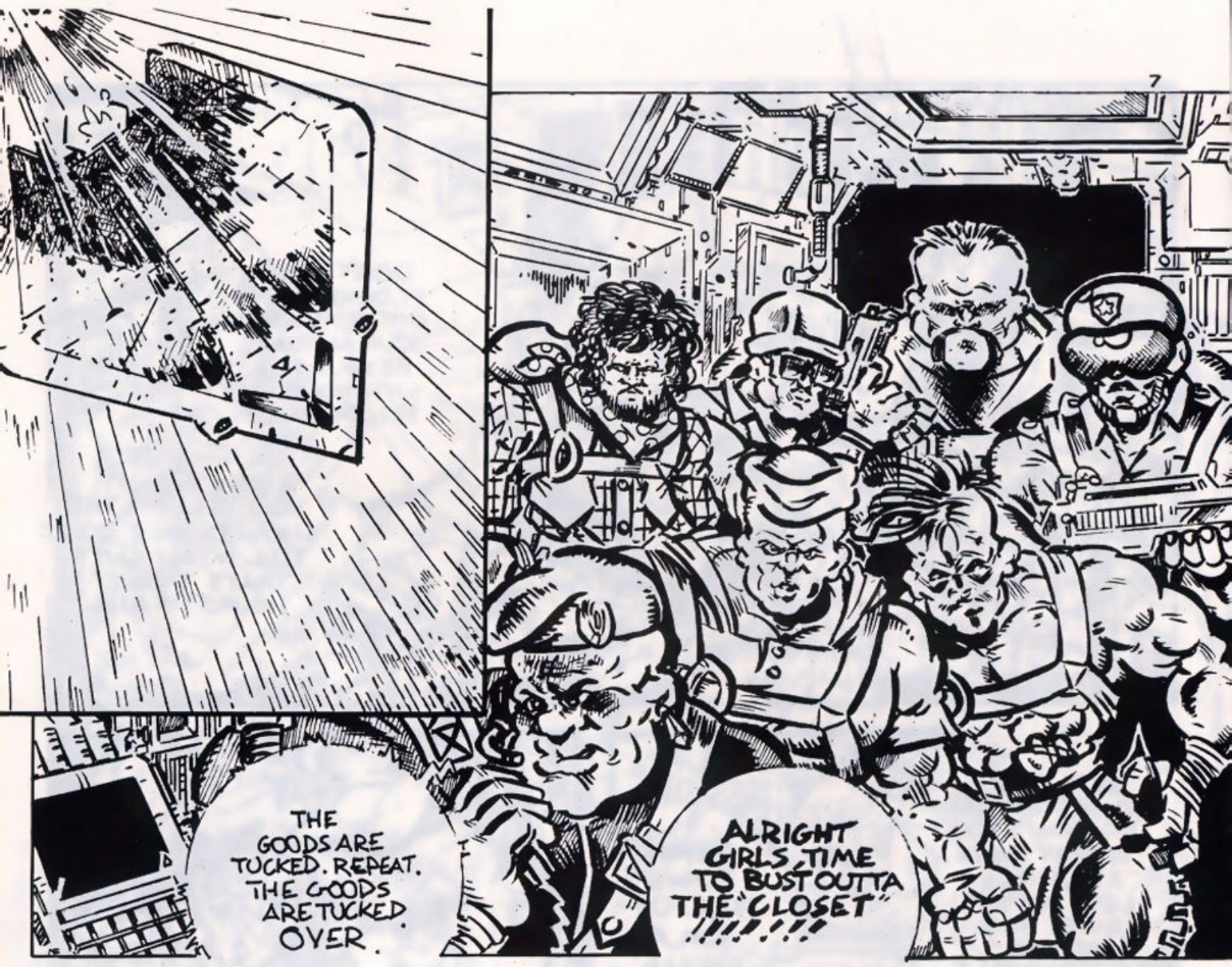

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8th, 1993.
..BY ALLOWING ABORTION, IN SITUATIONS OTHER THAN WHEN THE MOTHERS LIFE IS IN JEOPARDY, WE ARE INDIRECTLY PROMOTING VALUES THAT ENCOURAGE CRIME, ILLEGITIMACY, THE DISSOLUTION OF THE FAMILY, CALLOUSNESS TOWARDS THE LIVING - ESPECIALLY THE ELDERLY, NUCLEAR ACCIDENTS, DRUNK DRIVING, ARTHRITIS, THE NEW COKE, VEGITARIONS, JERRY CURL, ACID WASHED JEANS AND THE RETURN OF TOM JONES. FOLKS, THIS HAS JUST GOT TO STOP.
AGREE, OR ELSE!

CLAP CLAP
CLAP CLAP
CLAP
ANOTHER FANTASTIC SHOW, MR. LIMBAUGH. YOU WERE MAGNIFICENT.! I...


WHATS THE FIRST THING I WANT WHEN I GET OFF THE SET? EH?! MY PIPE, THATS WHAT. WERES MY PIPE SCUMBAG.?

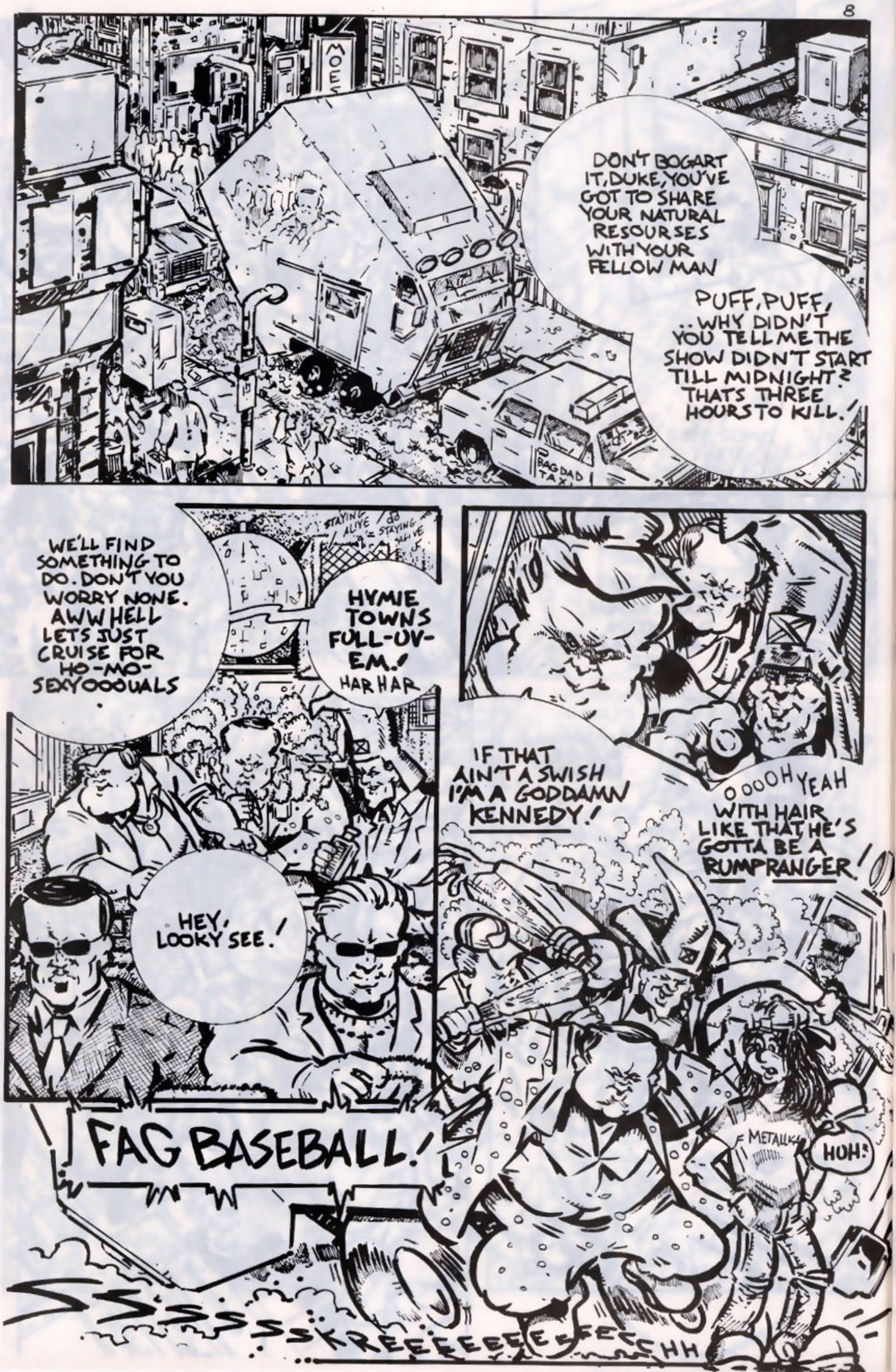

RUSH
WHATS THAT LOUD WHINNING OUTSIDE? SOUNDS LIKE.. LIBERALS.!
TO RUSH, FROM RUSH
uh, ITS THOSE PETA PEOPLE AGAIN. THEY'RE UPSET OVER THE, uh, BABY SEAL SKIN SHOES YOU WORE ON THE AIR LAST WEEK.
PUFF PUFF
WHAT? KAUGH, KAUGH! THOSE BABIES COST ME A FORTUNE.!

..UH SIR..
I GOT SOME LIQUID REFRESMENT FOR THOSE BOTTOM FEEDERS.! OH YEAH.!
ZZZZ
SSSSS
OOOOOH, GROSS.
RUSH IS A JERK
RUSH IS A JERK
LOOK OUT!
HEY MAN, LIKE HE'S MAKING A STATEMENT.!
WITH CHUR
SAVE SOME OF THAT GOLDEN SHOWER FOR NEWKIRK.! HAW HAW HAW!
EVIROMENTALIST WAKOS PROBABLY THOUGHT THEY GOT HIT BY ACID RAIN.!
HAW HAW HAW
HAW HAW HAW HAW
WIT ALL DEH VODKA YOU BEEN DRINK'N.
YEAH.
FAGGOT, WHATS NEXT?
YES SIR, YOU GOT A CALL FROM MR. DAVID DUKE AT 6:45 PM HES GOT THE VILLAGE PEOPLE TICKETS AND MR. TOM METZGER IS IN TOWN WITH HIM! THEY'LL BE HERE AT 8:30 PM
ALRIGHT! TOMS ALWAYS GOT THE BEST POT!!!
YOU HEARD THE FAGGOT, GO GET THE VAN BOYS,
ITS PARTY TIME.!!

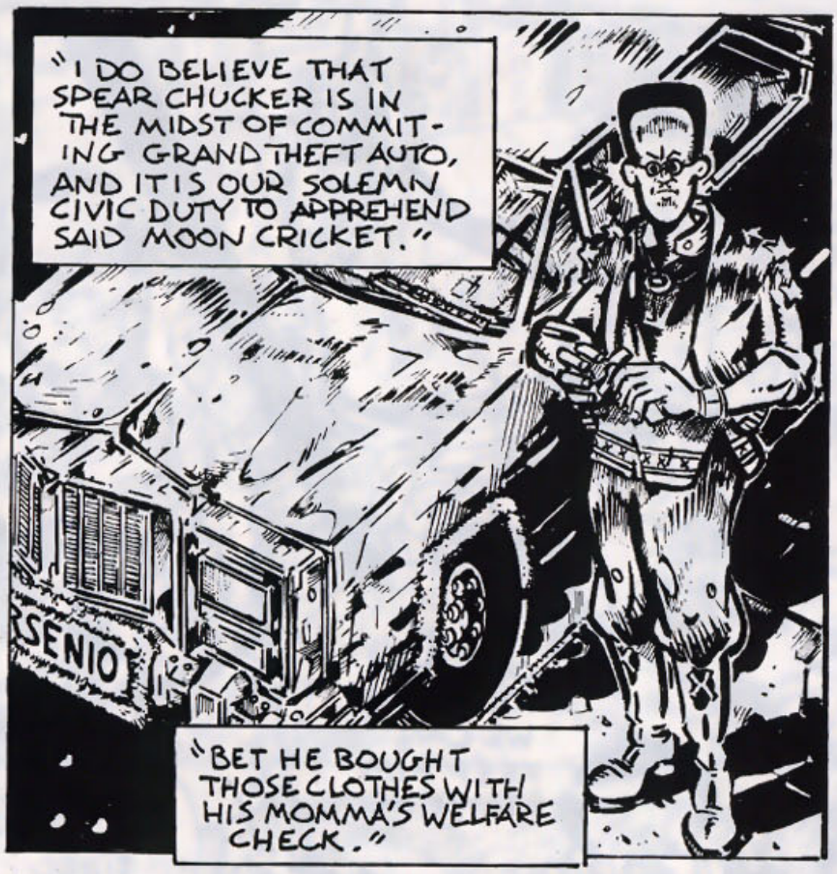

THE GOODS ARE TUCKED. REPEAT. THE GOODS ARE TUCKED OVER.
ALRIGHT GIRLS, TIME TO BUST OUTTA THE "CLOSET" !!!!!!!!!!

SITUATION FUDGE BROWN!
"GO!"
"GO!"
GO!
GO!

GOD - HOW I LOVE THIS JOB!


MOE
DON'T BOGART IT, DUKE, YOU'VE GOT TO SHARE YOUR NATURAL RESOURSES WITH YOUR FELLOW MAN
PUFF, PUFF, ..WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THE SHOW DIDN'T START TILL MIDNIGHT? THATS THREE HOURS TO KILL.
BAGDAD TAX
WE'LL FIND SOMETHING TO DO. DON'T YOU WORRY NONE. AWW HELL LETS JUST CRUISE FOR HO-MO-SEXYOOOUALS
STAYING ALIVE
HYMIE TOWNS FULL-UV-EM! HAR HAR
HEY, LOOKY SEE!
IF THAT AIN'T A SWISH I'M A GODDAMN KENNEDY!
OOOOH YEAH WITH HAIR LIKE THAT, HE'S GOTTA BE A RUMPRANGER!
FAG BASEBALL!
METALLICA
HUH?
SSSSSKREEEEEEEEEEECCHH

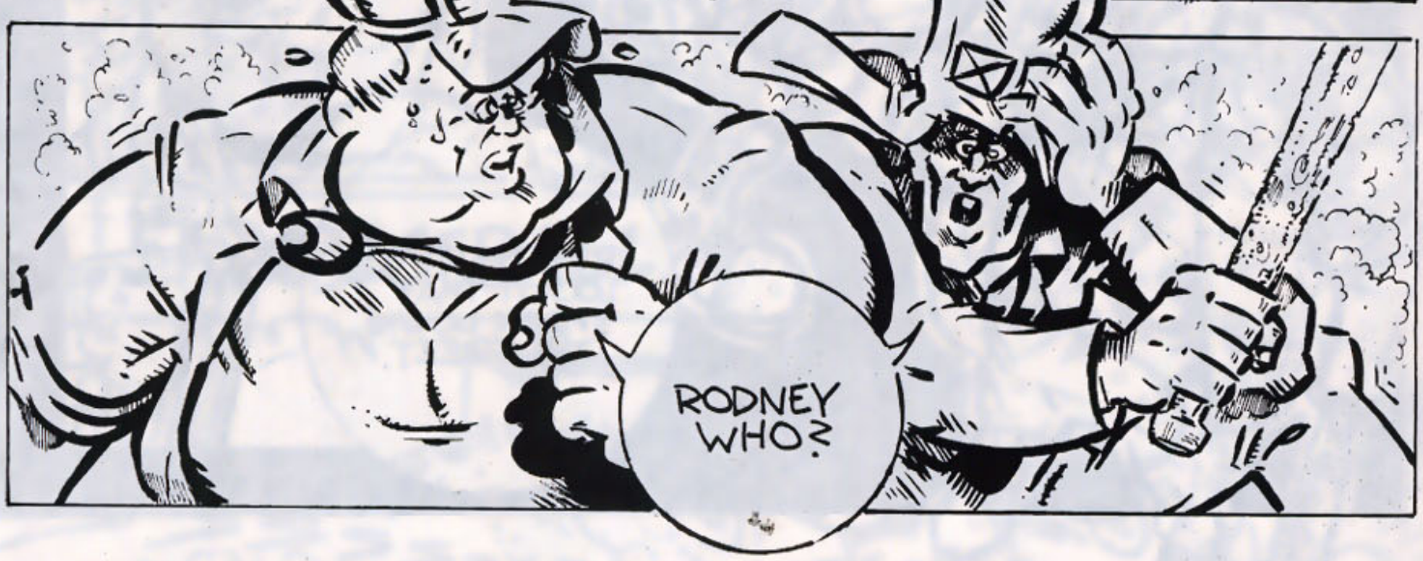
BATTER UP!
AWWW COME ON, FUCK THAT BUNTING SHIT,
YOU GOTTA GO FOR THE HOME RUN DUKE!
CRACK
THUMP
HOW LONG DO YOU THINK WE CAN KEEP HIM STANDING ?
'TIL ONE OF US GETS TIRED! HAWHAW
THUD
... LOOKS LIKE AN ENVIROMENTALIST WACKO TOO..
TELL ME YOU VOTED FOR CLINTON, PLEASE TELL ME, PLEASE!
WHACK
PPPPFFFTT! LOOKIT THAT SPOOK DOWN THE STREET!


"I DO BELIEVE THAT SPEAR CHUCKER IS IN THE MIDST OF COMMITING GRAND THEFT AUTO, AND IT IS OUR SOLEMN CIVIC DUTY TO APPREHEND SAID MOON CRICKET."
SENIO
"BET HE BOUGHT THOSE CLOTHES WITH HIS MOMMA'S WELFARE CHECK."

IS THAT RUSH LIMBAUGH? FAT BOY LIKE THAT SHOULDN'T BE RUNNING ANYWERE!

YO, RUSH, YOU NEED A RIDE MAN?

THIS ONE'S FOR RODNEY KING!
WHONK


RODNEY WHO?

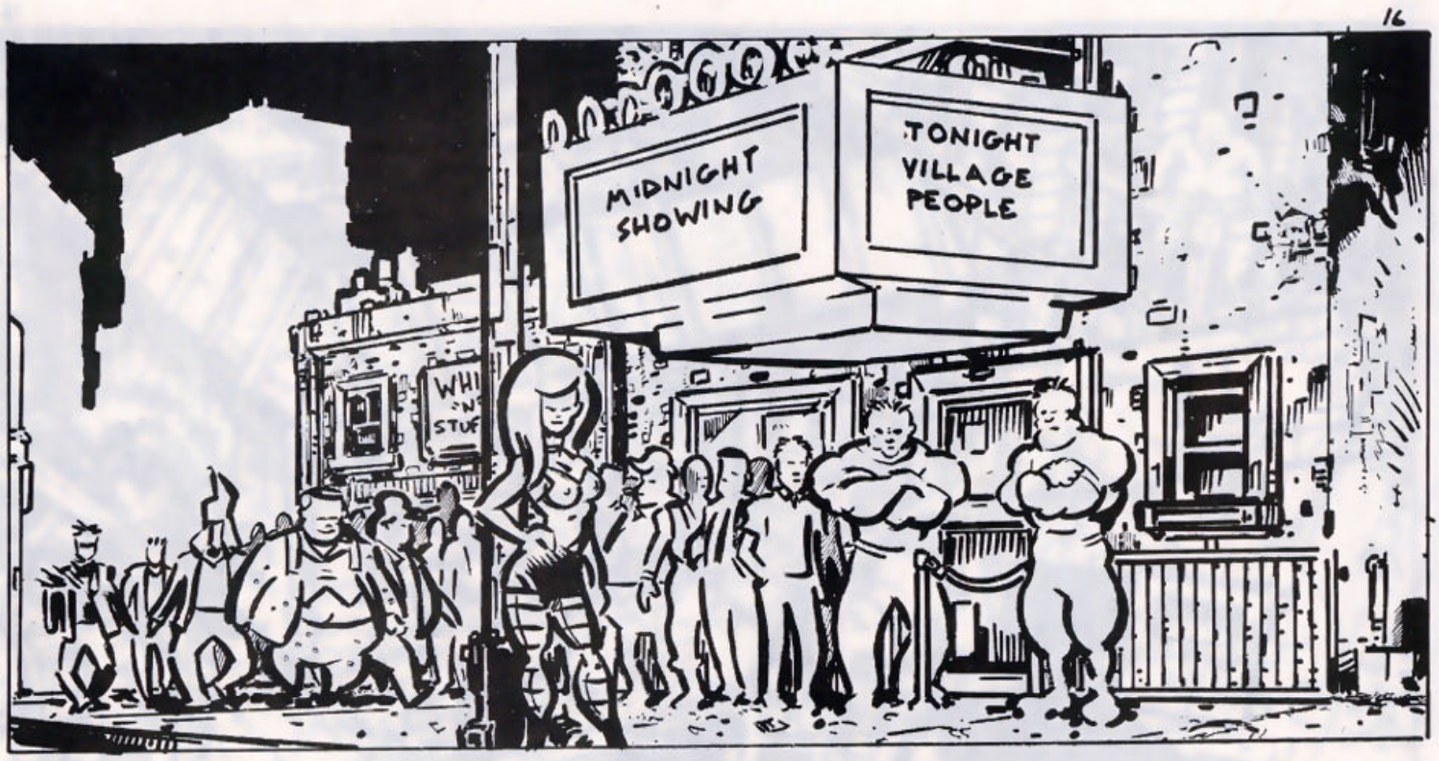
SUPPOSITORY ONE APPROACHING INSERTION POINT. OVER.
RAP. RAP. RAP.
MAKING INITIAL CONTACT.
DUH, YEAH?
HHEEEYY, DIDN'T YOU GUYS JUST COME IN THE FRONT WAY ? ? ? ? ? ? ?
REAR ENTRY TOUR
INSERTION BLOCKED. NEED A POPPER.

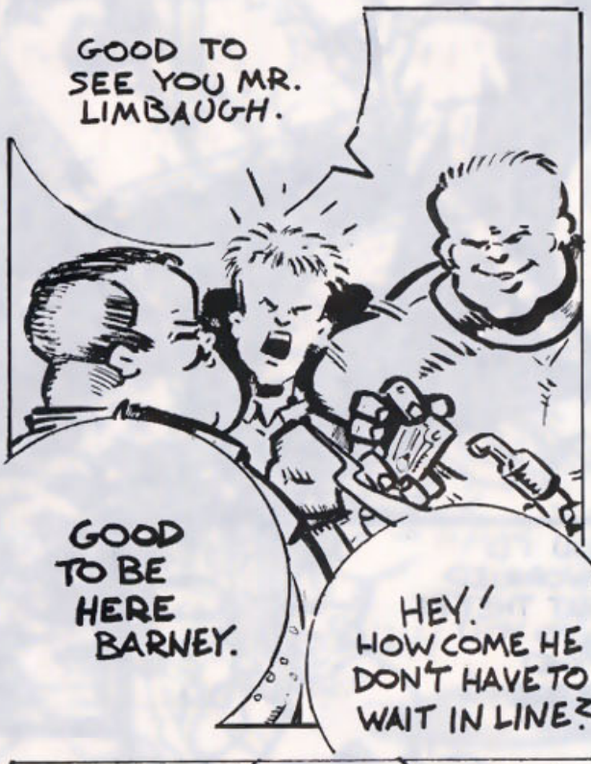
KKKBOOM
INSERTION! BLOCKED.
YOU GOTTA LOVE THOSE RAMBO MOVIES.
NOW THAT WE BAGGED US A FAG AND A NIGGA, WHAT-CHEW BOYS WANNA DO? WE STILL GOT A FEW HOURS TAH KILL BEFORE THE SHOW!
I DON'T KNOW 'BOUT YOU GUYS BUT BEATIN'UP SHINES ALWAYS GETS MY WOOD UP..'
I GOT A TASTE FOR SOME PUSSY
..CAN'T WE ALL JUST GET ALONG..

GUIDO! WE NEED WHORES! WOMEN OF THE EVENING! CUM-GUZZLING GUTTER SLUTS, PRONTO!
YOU ALWAYS DID HAVE A WAY WITH WORDS RUSH.
HOTEL
MAN, HAVE I GAHT THE TASTE.
C'MON DUKE, WE ONLY GOT TIME FOR SOME NOB-POLISHIN' THEN WE GOTTA GET TO THE SHOW.
YEAH YEAH..
I GOT SOME FELLAS LOOKING FOR A MARKETING SEMINAR ON THE ART OF FLESH PEDDLING, YOU LADIES LOOKING TO TEACH!?
BABY, IF YOU BUILD THEY WILL CUM, THEY WILL CUM.
GENTLEMEN! LET THE ORAL COPULATION BEGIN!
"HALLALUJEAH!"
OOOH, BABY!
SLURP
SLURP
SLURP
SLURP
SLURP
SLURP

OH YEAH! THIS ASS WAS MADE FOR GRINDIN'! AH GAHT'S TO CHURN THE BUTTER BOYS!
SHIT DOES THIS BITCH KNOW HOW TO WORK A DICK.
GODDAMMIT DUKE, WE AIN'T GOT THE TIME. CREASE GREASIN' TAKES YOU TOO LONG!
AIN'T MAH FAULT AH GOTS STAMINA.
...I'M GONNA NUT ...AHHH..
BUSH! I NEED BUSH!
SLAP
MMMGGHHH UNN!
AAAAAA!!!! GGGGHHHH!
THESE CHICKS HAVE DICKS !!!!!!
NO SHIT.

H-H-HU-HUUYEAA. GAK!
PTUI PTUI!!
HOW THE FUCK WAS I 'SUPPOSED TO KNOW?
THEY HAD NICE TITS.. FOR GUYS ANYWAY.
IF I WAS YOU I'D BE MORE WORRIED ABOUT WHAT THEY'RE GONNA DO TO YOU WHEN THEY GET DONE PUKING.


MIDNIGHT SHOWING
TONIGHT VILLAGE PEOPLE

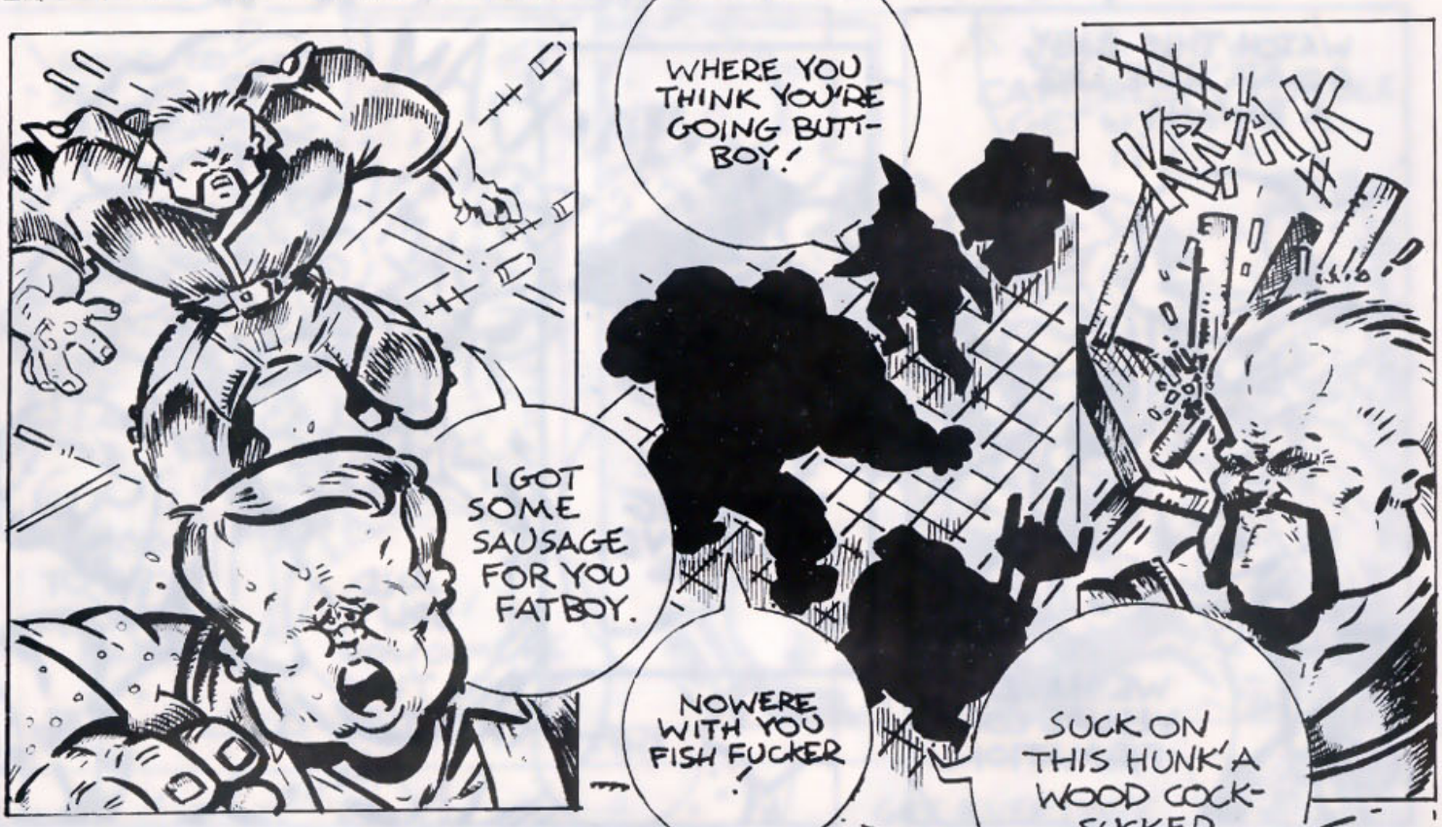

GOOD TO SEE YOU MR. LIMBAUGH.
GOOD TO BE HERE BARNEY.
HEY! HOW COME HE DON'T HAVE TO WAIT IN LINE?

"ITS CALLED CAPITALISM, ASSHOLE, GET USED TO IT!!"

HEY PISS BOY..
..GET EVERYONE A ROUND OF DRINKS!
YES SIR, RIGHT AWAY SIR.
LISA THE MUSICAL

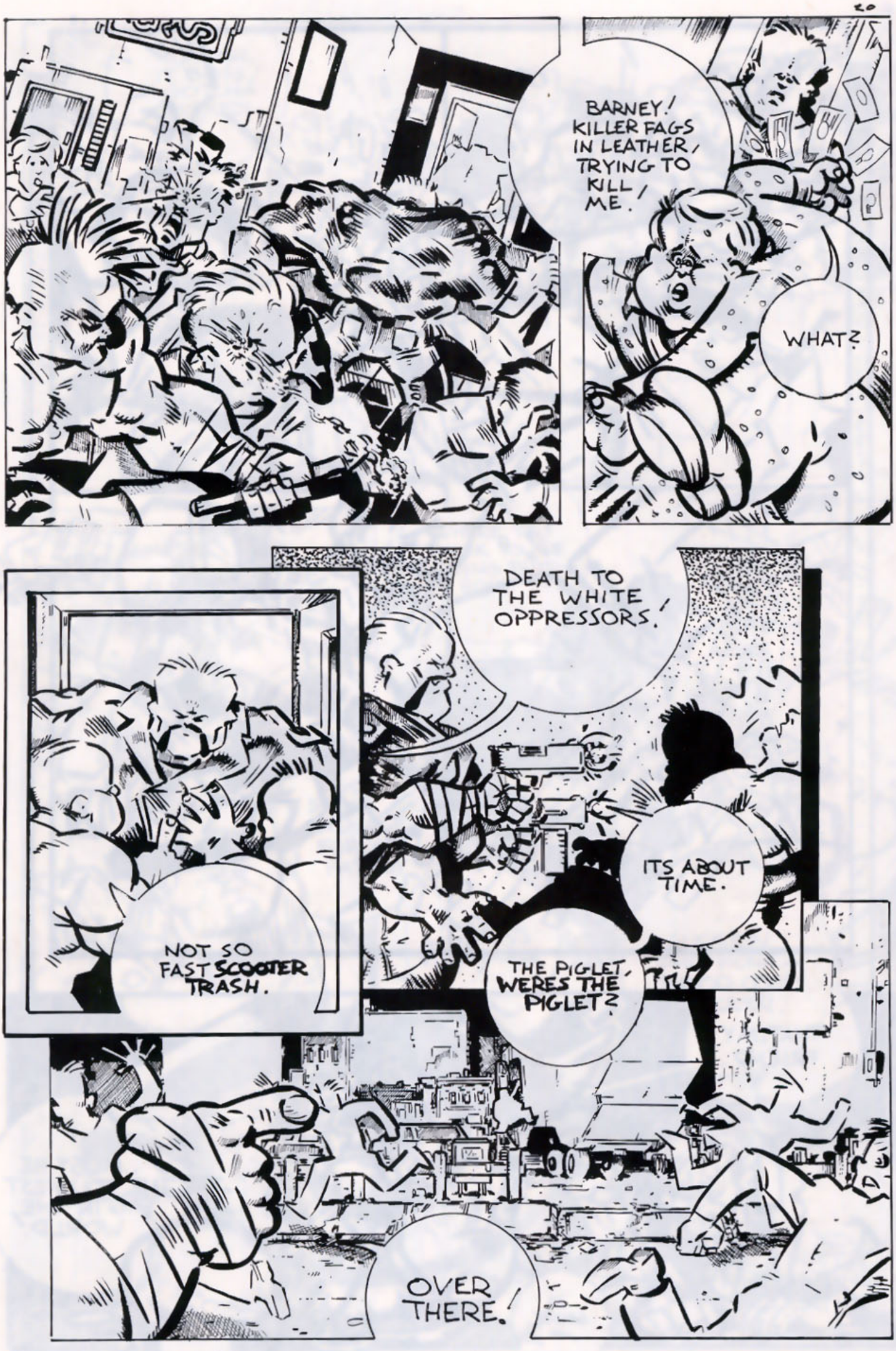
ALRIGHT! I LOVE THIS SONG. GUYS I'VE GOTTA HUSTLE!
I'VE GOT TO HAVE A MACHO MACHO MAN! YOU'VE GOT TO BE A MACHO MAN!
WATCH THIS BABY, GONNA MAKE LIKE A BANANA..
WE HAVE VISUAL CONFIRMATION.
REMOVING OBJECTIVE.
BAM! BAM! BAM!
..AND SPLIT!
SHIT.
RRR
JESUS CHRIST! THE VILLAGE PEOPLE ARE TRYIN' TO WHACK OUT THE BOSS!

RUN FOR IT BOSS, I GOTCHA COVERED
IK-POW IK-POW!
OWEEE


I GOT SOME SAUSAGE FOR YOU FATBOY.
WHERE YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING BUTT-BOY!
NOWERE WITH YOU FISH FUCKER!
SUCK ON THIS HUNK'A WOOD COCK-SUCKER.

DON'T YOU JUST HATE PREMATURE EJACULATION?

OOOOF!
UUGGA!
WHACK!
THA!
KRACK!
THAT, MY FRIEND..
..MUST BE THE TOUGHEST FAG IN THE WORLD!
GRUNT.


BARNEY! KILLER FAGS IN LEATHER, TRYING TO KILL ME!
WHAT?
DEATH TO THE WHITE OPPRESSORS!
NOT SO FAST SCOOTER TRASH.
ITS ABOUT TIME.
THE PIGLET, WERES THE PIGLET?
OVER THERE!

WHATS WITH THE FUSS, I'M JUST A COMEDIAN FOR CHRIST'S SAKE. DID SAM KINISON OR DICE EVER HAD TO DEAL WITH GUN PACKING VILLAGE PEOPLE? NOOOOOO.

FAT BOY SIGHTED IN ENVIRONMENTALLY UNSOUND VEHICLE. WILL DELAY HIS DEPARTURE. OVER.

BAM

WHOOOAAAHH SHHHHIIIITTT

YESSSSS!

LORD, IF I MAKE IT THROUGH THIS ONE I PROMISE NEVER TO TRADE SEXUAL FAVORS FOR GIRL SCOUT COOKIES AGAIN.

..GOTTA BE SOME-WHERE I CAN HIDE..
HAPPY HOUR 2-8
HERE, GOTTA REST..
GET MY BREATH BACK. TAKE A LOOK AROUND ..
..SEE WHERE I AM.
HELLO SAILOR!
YOU TOOK UP JOGGING A LITTLE LATE IN LIFE, FAT BOY!

WHA.. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
OH I DON'T KNOW? HOW ABOUT DEATH BY HOT BEEF INJECTION!
SOUNDS GOOD TO ME. RIGHT BOYS.
YEAH! AN I FORGOT MY RUBBERS, SURE HOPE NO ONE IN THIS ROOM IS HIV POSITIVE!
YOU KNOW, I THINK I'M HIV BUT I DON'T THINK RUSH'LL MIND. YOU'RE A GAMBLIN' MAN AINTCHA RUSH?
BLUE OYSTER BAR
"REAR" ENTRANCE
THE END. FINALLY. THANK GOD ALMIGHTY. I'M TELLING YAH, WITH ALL THE SHIT I'VE HAD TO PUT UP WITH FROM CANADA CUSTOMS I NEVER THOUGHT I'D GET THIS DONE. ANYWAY, HOPE YOU GOT A KICK OUT OF IT. NELSON DANIELSON '93

In Memoriam

"We all shine on..."

--John Lennon

If ever there was a face or a charm that shone, it was that of Michelle Davis, a twenty-year-old landscape architecture student at the University of Illinois. Fans of the Boneyard might recall having seen her face before, in a quiet photograph published alongside others in a gallery at the back of some of Boneyard Press's titles; Michelle was Hart Fisher's girlfriend. She was murdered Thursday, July 22, 1993, in an armed robbery at her place of employment.

In the aftermath of this tragedy, a vindictiveness has arisen which merits response. While grieving for his loss, Hart has found himself forced to defend Michelle's relationship with him and her association with Boneyard Press as well. The local media tastelessly attempted to tie Michelle's violent death to Hart's publishing and video work, implying a cause-and-effect relationship between the two. Promises were broken regarding the use of an on-camera interview between Hart and the local news station, as well as home video footage of Hart and Michelle on vacation together. But worst of all, Milwaukee residents, still angered by Hart's decision to publish the Dahmer comic book last year, have begun to telephone Hart's home with an eye-for-an-eye mentality. These people have irresponsibly indicated that Michelle's murder is just retribution for the Dahmer work; Michelle's death, they say, should teach Hart a lesson about compassion.

This is not the forum to debate the rights of the press, to suggest that Hart has been singled out for condemnation while similiar media are allowed to exploit the same tragedy, or to attack the relatives of Dahmer's victims for their justified misery, frustration, and legal

right to express such. But this *is* the forum to remind those same people, and others who see this horrifying incident as "what goes around, comes around," that such callousness and shallowness does not exemplify the sympathetic consideration which has been demanded of Hart in the past. Such public and private insinuations also detract from the real heart of the matter--that a young girl is dead, and that much attention has been focused on her boyfriend's profession and her killer's motives, but very little on her life and warmth.

Michelle Davis was a sweet, intelligent girl. Her academic career was marked by achievement after achievement, and her personal life included a number of beauty contest prizes, a love of horses, and a constant interest in bettering herself. My personal assocations with Michelle consisted of those few occasions when she was present during meetings between Hart and me--she was always courteous, generous, kind, and patient. Undoubtedly I will be worse off in years to come for not having known her better.

Michelle's sudden death should not be a springboard for accusations and recriminations, but a time of somber acknowledgement that the worm can turn at any time. What Hart writes and publishes are facets of imagination, albeit violent and perhaps distasteful to some. The sadism reflected in Hart's work is certainly not expressive of a desire for such rampages to occur in his own life or anyone else's. It is a sad thing that Hart, the families of Dahmer's victims, and other bystanders are wounded deeply and endlessly by savage, senseless violence. It is even sadder when the real victims are overlooked, used as tools to "get back" at other people.

The Bible says of death, "A little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep." Please allow Michelle to flee this world quietly and without hindrance. Feel what you wish regarding Hart Fisher and his chosen profession, but Michelle Davis should merit

only your tears and your prayers. The light she left behind should be allowed to shine on as long as we can remember her.

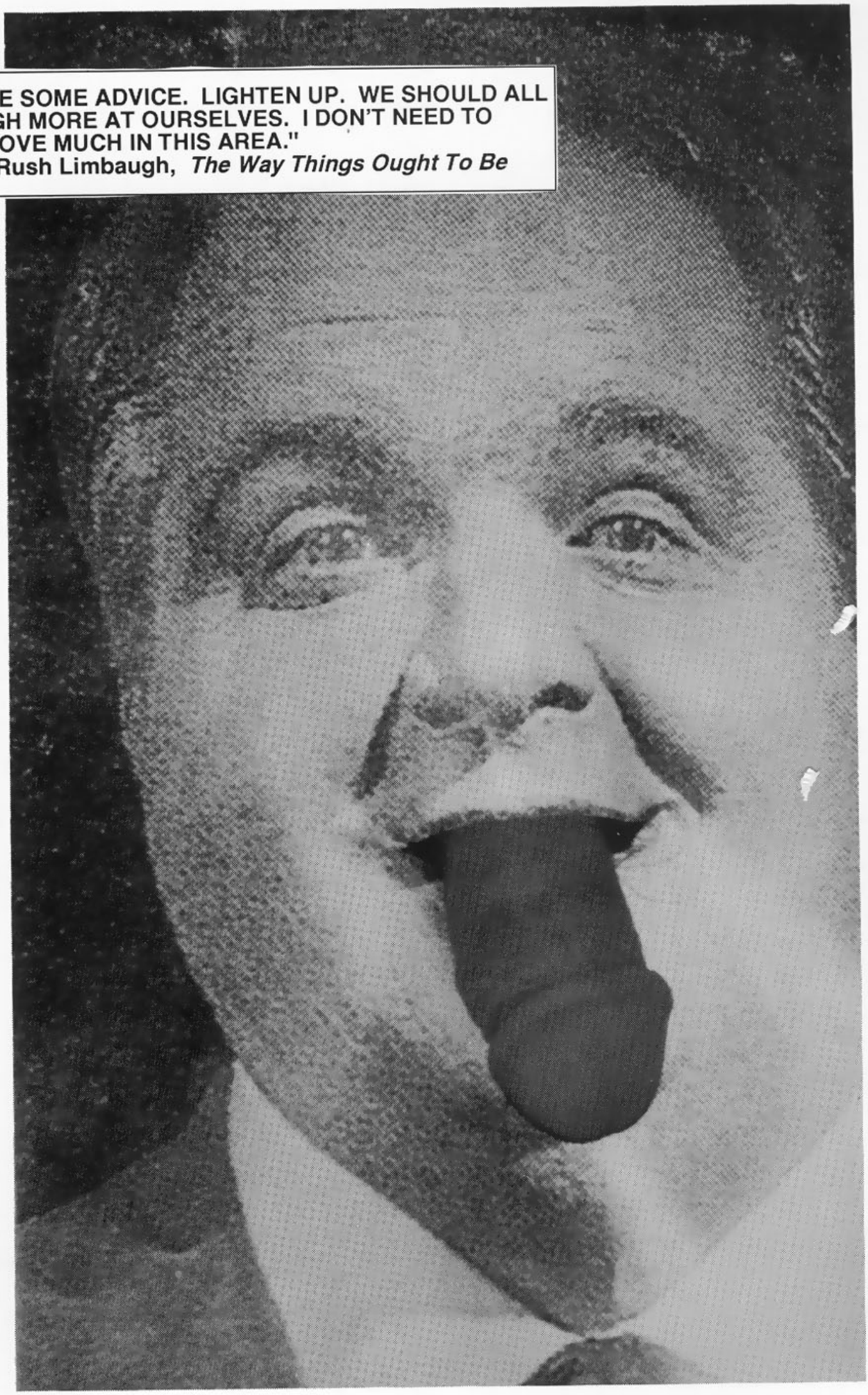
--Michael G. Ryan

9/9/93

These words are for the end of Michelle's memorial.

"I will always love you Michelle. Always. I've only found true peace in your arms and eyes. I'm glad you knew that in life. I'm glad I brought you the same solace from your hurts in life. Now I ache like never before, and there is no one. My world is so cold baby, so cold."

---Hart Douglas Fisher



"TAKE SOME ADVICE. LIGHTEN UP. WE SHOULD ALL LAUGH MORE AT OURSELVES. I DON'T NEED TO IMPROVE MUCH IN THIS AREA."
-Rush Limbaugh, *The Way Things Ought To Be*